ON THE

CONQUEST

OF

NAMUR.

A

Pindarique ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd

To His Moſt SACRED and Victorious

MAJESTY.

By Mr. *THO. YALDEN.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*,

MDCXCV.

ON THE

Conqueſt of Namur,

A

PINDARIQUE ODE.

(1.)

ONce more, my Muſe, reſume thy Lyre!
Of Heroes, Arms, and lofty Triumphs ſing:
Strike, boldly ſtrike th' unpractis'd String;
'Tis *WILLIAM*'s Acts my ſoaring Thoughts inſpire,
And animate my Breaſt with nobler Fire.
My daring Hand the willing Lyre obeys,
Untaught it ſounds the Hero's Praiſe:
Each tuneful String repeats the Victor's Name,
And ecchoes back the loud Applauſe of Fame.
No longer, Muſe, the bleſt *MARIA* mourn,
With Trophies now her brighter Shrine adorn:
Now ſing her Hero's Fame in lofty Strains,
Worthy the captive *Maſe*, and *Namur*'s vanquiſh'd Plains.

(2.)

Nature ne're brought a fierce Deſtroyer forth,
Of that portentous ſize and growth:

But ſtill to poice the Ballance of the Age,
She introduc'd a Hero on the Stage.
Injurious *Lewis* like a Torrent grows,
A rapid Torrent that the Bank o'reflows,
And robs our Weſtern World of its repoſe;
In vain th' Imperial Eagle ſtops his courſe,
In vain Confederate Arms oppoſe:
On you (Great Prince) th' infeſted Nations wait,
And from your Sword attend a milder Fate.

(3.)

The injur'd *Belgians* *WILLIAM*'s aid implore,
A num'rous Army waſtes their Shore:
Embarque, my Muſe, upon the *Britiſh* Fleet,
And on the ready Hero wait.
He flies, like *Jove* to meet the *Theban* Dame,
When arm'd with Lightning's pointed flame,
And in his hand th' avenging Thunder bore:
The terrour of his Enſigns ſtill confeſs his Power.
Quick of Diſpatch, preventing Fear,
As Cowards cautious, bolder than Deſpair:
Silent, yet ſwift as Light, his active Soul
Reaches at once the Barriers and the diſtant Goal.

(4.)

What Labour will the Hero chuſe!
What Action worthy of a Muſe!

T'employ

T'employ the hundred buſie Tongues of Fame,
And make her hundred Mouths too few to ſound his Name.
Namur's the Goal in Honour's Race,
Tempting the Prize, but fatal is the Chaſe:
At once a lovely and amazing Sight,
Striking the Eye with Terrour and Delight.
Founded on Rocks the Imperial Fortreſs ſtands,
And all around the diſtant Plain commands:
Beauty and Strength their utmoſt Force impart,
'Tis wrought by Nature and improv'd with Art;
An awful Pile! immoveable as Fate,
Fix'd like the ſolid Rock that proudly bears its Weight.
A thouſand brazen Mouths the Walls ſurround,
That vomit Flames, with fatal Fury wound:
Death ſhines with Terrour thro' each ſmoking Cloud,
Like Lightning ſwift, and as the Thunder loud.
Not the fam'd *Colchean* Fleece could boaſt,
So dread a Guard, ſo terrible an Hoſt:
NASSAU attempts a nobler Enterprize,
The Danger's more, and richer is the Prize;
Alone his Arms can ſuch a Power engage,
Deſtroy with fiercer Flames, and Thunder back their Rage.

(5.)

Why are the rapid *Sambres* Streams ſo ſlow!
The tardy *Maſe* forgets to flow:

Their lagging Waves upon the Turrets gaze,
Proud to reflect their *Namur*'s awful Face;
Whilſt to th' aſtoniſh'd Shores they tell,
Thoſe wondrous Walls are inacceſſable.
The lofty *Ilion* Towers for Beauty fam'd,
And ſacred Walls, tho' rais'd by Hands divine,
Tho' mercenary *Gods* her Turrets fram'd,
In Strength and Form inferiour were to thine;
Walls, that nor *Grecian* Arms, nor Arts could gain,
And the divine *Achilles* ſtorm'd in vain.
Your greater Arms, *NASSAU*, were then unknown,
Where e're your bellowing Engines ſhake,
Where e're your more deſtructive Bombs are thrown,
Nature and Art in vain Reſiſtance make,
Nor durſt the Powers that built defend their ſhatter'd Town.

(6.)

Two rival Armys now poſſeſs the Field,
In all the horrid Pomp of War:
With ſhining Arms and brighter Heroes far,
Tho' both with different Looks, and different Paſſions fill'd.
Betwixt both Hoſts the Stake of Honour lies,
The Object that employs their Arms and Eyes,
How to defend, or how to gain the Prize.
The *Brittains* are a warlike Race,
In Arms expert, and fam'd for Arts in Peace:

Your

Your matchleſs Deeds, *NASSAU*, they imitate,
Like you they Death purſue, and ruſh on certain Fate.
Not all the bellowing Engines of the War,
Amidſt the Storm can *Britiſh* minds affright:
Nor Sulphurs blaſting Flames deter,
That glare thro' Clouds of Smoak with horrid Light;
Tho' Bullets there deſcend in ſcalding Showers,
And thoſe the Cannon ſpare, the ambuſht Flame devours.

(7.)

In fatal Caverns now the teeming Earth
Labours with a deſtructive Birth:
The loud *Volcanos* ſtretch their flaming jaws,
And ev'ry dreadful Blaſt a Hoſt deſtroys;
This Wreck of War the upper Regions Share,
Whilſt Arms, and Men, and Rocks lye ſcatter'd in the Air.
Yet Death in ev'ry Form the *Britains* face,
And march with an undaunted Pace:
Their faithleſs Steps to various Ruins lead,
They walk in Sepulchres, on Graves they tread;
Whilſt Rocks and Mountains rooted from the Ground,
Interr the Hoſts they ſlay, are Tombs to thoſe they wound.

(8.)

With horrid Groans diſtorted Nature's rent,
Loud as the Peals that ſhake the Firmament:
Whilſt roaring Ordinance confirm the Sound,
And mimick Thunder bellows under Ground.

Thus

Thus on *Trinacria's* mournful Shores,
With Ruin big the raging *Ætna* roars:
The riſing Smoak obſcures the darkned Skie,
Whilſt high as Heaven its flaming Intrails flie;
Mountains and Rocks its Fury hurls around,
Spreading with Ruins o're the deſolate Ground.

(9.)

Whence ſpring thoſe flowing Rays of Light!
That pierce thro' Wars obſcurer Night?
Or does the ſuppliant Flag diſplay
Its chearful Beams of white?
See! like the *Phoſphorus* of Peace,
The Shades retire before thoſe ſacred Rays,
Which introduce the bright victorious Day.
The Trumpets interceding Voice I hear,
Now ſoft and tun'd unto the Ear:
The Drums in gentler Parlees beat,
The Drums and Trumpets both intreat;
Whilſt Wars Alarms are charm'd with Muſick's Voice,
And all the bloody Scene of Death withdraws.
Fam'd *Bouffiers* ſelf conſents to fear,
Even *Bouffiers* dreads the *Britiſh* Thunderer:
He ſues for Mercy whilſt he feels his Power,
And with a trembling Hand ſubſcribes him Conquerour.

(10.)

And here your Worthys ſhall your Triumphs grace,
In War your Guard, your Ornaments in Peace:
Heroes are *WILLIAM*'s, and the *Muſes* Care,
Partake their Labours, and their Laurels ſhare.
Let willing Fame her Trumpet ſound,
Great *Ormond*'s Name ſhall all her Breath employ,
And fill the echoing Shores with Joy:
Whilſt each officious Wind conveys the Sound,
And wafts it all th' attentive World around.
In bloody Camps He early gain'd Renown,
Early the diſtant Goal of Honour won:
What Toils, what Labours has the Hero bore?
Not the fam'd *Oſſory* encounter'd more:
Of whom the *Belgick* Plains ſuch wonders tell,
Who liv'd ſo lov'd, and ſo lamented fell.
Triumphant Prince! Thou Patron of the Muſe,
Unweary'd Thee ſhe ſings, thy Acts with Wonder views:
Renown'd in War! thy *Rhedecinas* Pride!
Thou do'ſt o're Wit, and glorious Camps preſide;
To Thee the Care of Arms and Arts belong,
Whoſe Fame ſhall live to Ages in Heroick Song.

(11.)

For all thy Victories in War,
You, valiant *Cutts*, th' officious Muſes crown,

For you triumphant Wreaths prepare,
Immortal as your Fame, and fair as your Renown.
Well did you execute your great Command,
And ſcatter Deaths with a deſtructive Hand:
What Wonders did your Sword perform,
When urging on the fatal Storm,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
Up to the Walls inclos'd with Flames you led,
And over-look'd the Works on mighty Heaps of dead.
In you the Hero and the Poet meet,
Your Sword is fatal, but your Numbers ſweet,
When in *MARIA*'s Praiſe your Lyre was ſtrung,
You charm'd the heavenly Nymph to whom you ſung.
Oh Honour! more than all thy Bays,
Than all the Trophies Fame and Conqueſt raiſe,
To've charm'd *MARIA*'s Breaſt, and gain'd *MARIA*'s Praiſe.

(12.)

Indulge one grateful Labour more, my Muſe,
A Subject Friendſhip bids thee chuſe:
Let *Codrington*'s lov'd Name inſpire thy thought,
With ſuch a Warmth and Vigour as he fought:
In vain thou doſt of Arms and Triumphs ſing,
Unleſs he crowns thy Verſe, and tunes thy ſounding String.
Victorious youth! your *Charwell*'s greateſt pride,
Whom glorious Arms, and learned Arts divide:

Whilſt

Whilſt imitating great *NASSAU* you fight,
His Perſon guard, and conquer in his ſight:
Too ſwift for Fame your early Triumphs grow,
And Groves of Laurel ſhade your youthful Brow.
In you the Muſes and the Graces join,
The glorious Palm, and deathleſs Laurels thine:
Like *Phœbus* ſelf your charming Muſe hath ſung,
Like his your warlike Bow and tuneful Lyre is ſtrung.

(13.)

But who, fam'd *WILLIAM*'s Valour dares expreſs,
No Muſe can ſoar ſo high, nor Fancy paint,
Each Image will appear too faint:
Too weak's the Pencil's Art, and all the Pow'r of Verſe.
How calm he look'd, and how ſerene!
Amidſt the bloody Labours of the Field:
Unmov'd he views the Bullets round him flie,
And Dangers move with Horrour by;
Whilſt Judgment ſway'd his nobler Rage within,
And his preſaging Brow with Hopes of Conqueſt ſmil'd.
His chearful Looks a gayer dreſs put on,
His Eyes with decent Fury ſhone:
Dangers but ſerv'd to heighten every Grace,
And add an awful Terrour to the Hero's Face.

(14.)

Where e're in Arms the great *NASSAU* appears,
The Extream of Action's there:

Himſelf

Himſelf the thickeſt Danger ſhares,
Himſelf th' informing Soul that animates the War.
Heroes of old in wondrous Armour fought,
By ſome immortal Artiſt wrought:
Achilles Arms, and *Ajaxs* ſeven-fold Shield,
Were Proof againſt the Dangers of the Field.
But greater *WILLIAM* dares his Breaſt expoſe
Unarm'd, ungarded, to his Foes:
A thouſand Deaths and Ruins round him fled,
But durſt not violate his Sacred Head;
For Angels guard the Prince's Life and Throne,
Who for his Empire's Safety thus neglects his own.
Had he in Ages paſt the Scepter ſway'd,
When Sacred Rites were unto Heroes paid:
His Statue had on ev'ry Altar ſtood,
His Court a Temple been, his greater Self a God.

(15.)

Now tune thy Lyre, my Muſe, now raiſe thy Voice,
Let *Albion* hear, her diſtant Shores rejoice:
Thy Solemn *Pæans* now prepare,
Sweet as the Hymns that fill'd the Air,
When *Phœbus* Self return'd the *Python*'s Conquerour.
When ev'ry Grove, with a triumphant Song,
Confeſt the Victor as he paſt along:
Whilſt with the Trophies ev'ry Hill was crown'd,
And ev'ry echoing Vale diſperſt his Fame around.

As loud the *Britiſh* Shores their Voices raiſe,
And thus united ſing the Godlike *WILLIAM*'s Praiſe.
What the fam'd *Merlin*'s ſacred Verſe of Old,
And *Noſtradami*'s prophetick Lines fore-told:
To thee, oh happy *Albion*'s, ſhown,
And, in *NASSAU*, the Promiſe is out-done.
Behold a Prince indulgent Heaven has ſent,
Thy boundleſs Wiſhes to content:
A Prophet great indeed, whoſe powerful Hand,
Shall vanquiſh Hoſts of Plagues, and heal the groaning Land.

(16.)

The great *NASSAU* now leads thy Armies forth,
And ſhews the World the *Britiſh* worth:
Beneath his Conduct they ſecurely fight,
Their Cloud by Day, their guardian Flame by Night.
His Bounty too ſhall every Bard inſpire,
Reward their Labours, and protect their Lyre:
For Poets are to warlike Princes dear,
And they are valiant *WILLIAM*'s Care;
His Victories inſtruct them how to write,
WILLIAM's the glorious Theme and Patron of their Wit.

FINIS.

[illegible]